General Audiences

No Archive Warnings Apply

Gen

My Adventures with Superman (Cartoon)
Superman - All Media Types

Clark Kent & Jonathan "Pa" Kent

Jonathan "Pa" Kent
Clark Kent

Young Clark Kent
Hurt/Comfort
Emotional Hurt/Comfort
Like yes flight is fun
but its still gonna be a little scary at some point
vague mentions of previous child abuse
From what I've read Jon Kent's family wasn't very nice
Good Parent Jonathan Kent
Hugs
English

Land Ho!

QuietlyRebellious

Summary:

"Hi Pa!" Clark called from the air. His dad was fixing the tractor, and he'd always said that if there was ever a problem, not matter how big or small, to come to his parents.
His father grinned up at him for a moment before returning to his work. "Hey son!"
Pa froze and then squinted back up at his son. His son, in the sky, just floating there.
Clark waved casually.
Jon's mouth gaped open and closed a few times, but he decided that if Clark wasn't hurt or freaking out so he wouldn't either.
Yet.
For all they knew this could be normal. Maybe all of his kind could fly, maybe this was like alien puberty. Instead of a voice drop and hormones Clark went skyward. Definitely seemed more fun.
"I can't land."
Perhaps a little less fun.

Notes:

(See the end of the work for notes (#work_endnotes) .)

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"Okay." Pa set down his tools and thought. "How close can you get to the ground?"

Clark floated down until his toes brushed the grass and stopped, hovered up a couple inches instinctively. Pa reached his hand out but Clark hesitated.

"I…" Clark whispered, suddenly frightened, staring at Jon's hand as though he feared it would bite him and Jon's heart shattered. He never wanted his child to look at him *like that*.

"I won't ever hurt you, Clark." Jon made himself smile, even though he knew it must be strained. He couldn't remember ever lashing out, but his father never remembered his rages either.

"I stopped a car." There was a chord of anxiety in his son's voice, as if everything was crashing onto his head at once.

Jon tried to connect the dots.

"Did they hurt you?"

"No!" Clark shook his head. "No, I *stopped* the car. It was going to crash and I stopped it— I don't know how. I was running and I was *there* and I just grabbed it and held on and it stopped! I actually stopped it! And then my kite was stuck and I jumped to get it again because that's why I was outside anyways and—And then I was flying and it was fun but I couldn't land and I tried to hold on to the tree, a big limb, like you taught me and I broke it." Clark's face was starting to wobble now. "It just broke in my hands!"

That. That was the problem. It wasn't Jon at all, it was Clark afraid of himself.

"Okay." Jon soothed. "Okay, okay that's good. That's good Clark. You did a good thing with the car."

"But the tree!" Clark looked at his own hands as though they might bite him.

Jon stared up at his son, he dropped his hand and simply opened his arms. He held back his own sympathetic tears, he didn't want Clark to worry, not right now.

"It's okay Clark." Jon smiled. He was nervous, but he waited. "Everything's just fine."

"What's wrong with me?"

"Nothing." Jon replied, almost before his son could finish speaking. "Not one thing is wrong with you Clark. You're just having some trouble, like anybody else, but we can fix that." Jon wiggled his arms, "Just come here, son, I'll hug you down. You don't need to hug back. It'll be okay, I promise."

"But you're crying." Clark said, even as he drifted closer.

"Tears are just what happens when your brain makes too many chemicals. It leaks them outta your eyes, remember?" Jon smiled warmly, gently, "It doesn't make your emotions less valid, it's just the why about it. Sometimes I cry when other people cry."

Clark was in reach now, but Jon moved slowly, let the child take charge of the situation.

"But why are you crying?"

"Because my son is hurting." Jon replied, easily. It was the truth. He was scared silly for his little boy, and wracking his brain to guess who may have seen him and if they would take Clark away. There was still that terrible, looming fear someday someone terrible would realize the child in the corn field in the winter storm had come from space. That some stranger would come and snatch their son away with inhumane hands.

They could accept it if it was his family, his own people. Jon would break, and so would Martha, but if they could prove they wouldn't abandon their son again they'd accept it. They's let him go and beg to go with him. And sometimes just the thought of that kept him up all night, curled up beside Martha, but *right now* he was crying because his boy was hurting. Because Clark was too small to be that scared.

And then his son was back in his arms. Jon wrapped his arms around the little boy and felt his feet lift off the ground for just a moment before they both settled down. He rubbed his son's shoulders soothingly, wiped away his tears with a fond smile.

"See?" Jon pinched his son's cheek lightly. "I've got you. And we've got this. Wanna go tell ma? See what she thinks?"

Clark nodded against Jon's stomach and gingerly reached around him for a hug. He didn't squeeze tight like he usually did, and maybe those days were over now, but Jon held on tight enough for the both of them.

Notes:

3/2/2024-5/17/2024
I am really booking it (HAH) through these WIPS. My goal is to clear out my WIP folder and finish the first draft of a longfic before season 2 starts so I can actually read everyone's stuff too and support you all back. (I don't usually have much free time, I have to choose between writing or reading with the time I have, but I have an ereader now!! So I can read more and it has an annotations function so I can write out comments! It's very nifty.)
I buttoned up 6 fics yesterday! (I also stayed up until 4 am and have over 40 fics left to wrap up and post, including 2 longer stories. So take that success as you will) I'll post the rest of the finished fics after I get home from work.
Anyhow! Thanks for reading and putting up with my pre-coffee rambles, be safe and stay hydrated!
May 29, 2025 edit: This is not related to anything here and I promise it's not gonna be something I do often (Only when it really, really counts) But I will be editing all end notes to include this just in case it will help, but the American NWS is doing a 100 hour livestream to save their science. I've had them playing in the background, I just turn the sound off when I am working (I love science and I get sucked in). I don't really know how the algorithm works, but I figure anything will help. The link is here: https://www.youtube.com/@wclivestream/streams

Close (#)